

## The prince who fights (but it's a secret so don't tell anyone -Prince Tommy)

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## The prince who fights (but it's a secret so don't tell anyone - Prince Tommy)

by [Bonfirefly](#)

### Summary

Prince Tommy but with a secret fighting ring

(It doesn't stay a secret for long, only 4 years or so)

### Notes

“Do you know anything we don’t?”

“I might,”

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The Antarctic Empire was one of the two kingdoms on the planet. With only two continents globally, the leaders didn’t have a hard time coming together. The Antarctic Empire and the Esempii Kingdom. Ruled by Emperor Phil and his wife, the Empress, Kristin, and King Dream, with his husband and co-ruler King George.

The continents weren’t too far from each other, as they were that big, or the world was just small, so the families saw each other a lot. Whereas the Empire was cold and snowy, the Kingdom was tropical and sunny, each providing things the different continent could not.

The princes, Technoblade, Wilbur, and Theseus, though he prefers Tommy, get along well with Dream and his family, prince Tubbo, princess Drista, and princess Lani. While the adults talked, the kids, along with Tommy’s guard Purpled and Tubbo, Drista, and Lani’s guard Ranboo spoke

with each other.

Where the two continents were closest, a bridge connecting the two, large enough to accommodate all the people. It was called the 'Bridge of Peace,' a dumb name to Tommy but Phil let Technoblade name it when he was ten, so he couldn't complain.

The royal families don't know, though, that in one of the buildings near the bridge, with an unassuming red, chipping paint outside, down a set of secret stairs and through a door you can only enter with a password, there is a secret society.

2b2t, the underground fighting ring.

Also known as Tommy's favorite place to go.

In the Empire, his family thought he was too young to start training, calling him too young and a child. After a while, he got sick of it, so he had Purpled do some- research of places where he could "learn" how to fight. And he was so glad he did, as that was where he met his second family.

His real family was great, don't get him wrong, but here, with Deo and Wisp and Bitz and Luke and Boffy and everyone else, he could let go and truthfully be himself without consequences that could affect a lot of people.

At the age of 12, he entered 2b2t for the first time, and while he was a little scared, he didn't regret it. He met Deo, who didn't care about his status and showed him the ropes. He showed him, first, how to bet and how to tell who to bet on. Then, he taught him how to fight, 2b2t style, with illegal items like totems of undying, end crystals, and elytras, things you can only get on the black market.

Now, at 16, Tommy stands as the top fighter, making thousands of emeralds every fight, surrounded by friends he wouldn't give up for anything, and a killer reputation as ***Phoenix*** , as he'd gotten a custom elytra for his 13th birthday from Wisp that looked like phoenix feathers. Just the name of his trident, ***Silence*** , can cause a veteran fighter to panic.

He wouldn't trade this for the world.

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“Tommy’s up to something,” Wilbur stated, looking around the long table that his friends and family occupied.

It was him, Technoblade, Dream, George, Sapnap, who was Dream and George’s guard and childhood friend, Quackity and Karl, Sapnap’s fiances and childhood friends as well, Eret, Dream’s advisor, Tubbo, Drista, Ranboo, Purpled, and Lani were a given.

Phil was there as Kristin had a cold and was in bed sleeping, and Schlatt, Dream’s uncle and Wilbur’s best friend, was passed out drunk in his chair. Hence, no one paid him any mind.

“What?” Tubbo asked, looking up from speaking with Ranboo about their adopted plant son they’ve named Michael.

“Tommy. He’s up to something. I caught him sneaking out of the castle last night, but the way he did it was like he’s been doing it for a while,” Wilbur explained, causing everyone to look at him with slightly shocked faces.

“And he didn’t see you?” Phil asked, surprised that his son was sneaking out, probably for a while, yet he never knew.

“He seemed to be talking to someone; I think I heard him mention a name. I think it was ‘Deo’ or something,” Wilbur said.

“Deo? I don’t know anyone named Deo,” Tubbo said, slightly heartbroken that his best friend was maybe hiding something from him.

“Deo, or TimeDeo, is one of the top fighters in the underground fighting ring called 2b2t. It’s next to the bridge,” Schlatt stated, startling everyone as they turned to him.

“What?!” Phil exclaimed, horrified at the prospect of his youngest son, his baby boy, might be related to a fighting ring somehow.

“Yeah, it’s run by this noble, FitMC, and a few other unnamed nobles. They spend their money on the black market buying items like totems and end crystals, all that shit,” Schlatt took a sip from his flask, “anyway. Their top fighter is a guy named phoenix, a homage to his fiery elytra. He started four years ago and has been on the top since.”

Drista side-eyed Purpled, who didn't look surprised by any of this. She narrowed her eyes as his eyes sparkled with an unknown emotion. Slowly, she spoke up.

"Purpled," she caught everyone's attention, causing them to perk up and turn to her as she held Purpled's unwavering gaze. "Do you know anything we don't?"

Purpled seemed to hesitate before he spoke up. "I might," he confirmed.

"What?! You knew something about this, and you didn't tell us immediately?!" Tubbo cried out, looking at his friend in betrayal.

"Purpled, can you please tell us what you know?" Eret asked, voice calm and kind, looking at Purpled through their sunglasses at the teen.

Purpled whispered something under his breath that sounded like 'I need a raise' before making eye contact with everyone in the room. It took a few seconds, but he eventually took a deep breath and spoke up.

"I can't explain everything. Otherwise, Tommy would never trust me again, but I can see that you're all concerned, so I'll say what I can. On the Antarctic side of the bridge, a couple of blocks from the right side entrance, there is a 15 block high building with chipping red paint on the outside. You can catch Tommy there every Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday from 12:30 am to 4 am. He gets back to the castle at 5:30 am. That's all I can say," he let out a deep breath and looked down at the dark oak wood table.

"Thank you, Purpled," Eret smiled kindly, their pearly white teeth on display as they smiled, causing Purpled to smile slightly back.

"Alright!" Wilbur clapped, bringing attention back onto him, "since today is Saturday, we'll be able to catch him tonight. We'll meet at the bridge at 1:30 am so he doesn't suspect anything," the brunette explained.

"Since, no matter how much we call him a child, he's still sort of smart, sometimes," Technoblade said, looking at the ceiling.

“Everyone, make sure to wear dark clothing, Sapnap,” George said, looking right at the black-haired male as he spoke, ignoring the other’s sputtering.

“Oh, come on! That was one time! One time!” Sapnap threw his arms out before wrapping them around his lover’s shoulders, ignoring their giggling and poking, as well as his best friend’s wheezing.

“Yo-you wore a *suit* , Sapnap! A suit to a stealth mission!” Dream wheezed, causing Tubbo and Drista to laugh uncontrollably, Lani giggled slightly, Ranboo snorted, and Purpled to cover his snort with a fake cough.

“Alright, focus,” Eret said, stopping their laughing with a fake cough, the same as Purpled, “this is for Tommy; we can’t be dumb about it.”

Everyone sobered up slightly, except Schlatt, who was passed out drunk again and nodded to each other, ready to put the plan into action.

“Alright. Everyone, go prepare,” Phil said, standing up and walking out.

Wilbur and Technoblade shared a look as they watched their father walk out before standing up and following after him.

Everyone else got the memo and made their leave, Lani waking Schlatt and helping him walk to his room.

“Do you really think he’s involved in a fighting ring?” Tubbo asked Ranboo, walking slightly ahead of Purpled as Drista went with Lani and Schlatt.

“I don’t know, but we can only hope he’s okay,” Ranboo took his friend’s hand in his and gave an encouraging squeeze.

From behind them, Purpled looked at them with regret shining in his purple eyes.

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Technoblade didn't know what to think. To think that maybe his little brother might be in a *fighting ring* of all things. He was a soldier, a fighter, a general; he trained for wars that he knows won't happen but trains anyway, if only to keep his family safe.

He failed at that, though, didn't he? His little brother might be fighting people that could be twice his size? He never wanted his little brother to have to fight seriously or fight at all. He tried to keep his little brother away from the fighting, from the tears and blood. From the injuries and scars. From fighting.

But he failed.

He sat in his library, full of books upon books with his head in his hands. He didn't react as he felt a presence enter the library and ignored it when they gently laid their hand in his hair.

"Tech," Wilbur whispered gently, running his fingers through his brother's soft hair.

"I failed, Wil," Technoblade rumbled, his voice gruff and quiet, "I failed to protect him."

"You don't know that," Wilbur voiced, quiet and soft, "who knows what he does there? Maybe he's just watching, or it isn't a fighting ring at all, and Schlatt was just messing with us."

"Even if it's not the fighting ring, I never even noticed him sneaking out. I would never have if you hadn't caught him," Technoblade leaned into his brother's touch, looking up at him with red eyes full of sorrow and worry.

"We can't protect him forever. He was bound to do something rebellious some time," Wilbur soothed, curling a piece of pastel pink hair in his fingers.

All Technoblade could do was sigh and ignore the voices in his head calling him soft.

"Shut up, chat. I'm not soft."

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They were all standing near the bridge at around the designated time of meetup, dressed appropriately in dark clothing, yet still somehow not looking suspicious. Drista and Lani decided to stay back and watch over Schlatt, who had a massive hangover, like usual.

“Are we ready?” Wilbur asked, looking at everyone standing there, watching as the minimal amount of people out made their way towards the red chipping building.

“Yeah. Purpled, can you lead the way?” Dream nodded before turning to the teen, who shifted awkwardly. Purpled nodded before hesitating.

“I’ll be waiting outside. You can’t tell Tommy that I brought you, you can’t,” Purpled stated before leading them to an old-looking building.

“This is it. Go down the stairs in the back, knock on the door twice, wait a few seconds, then one more. When they ask for the password, say ‘Secretum servare possum.’”

“‘I can keep a secret.’ Latin. Impressive,” Technoblade noted, causing Wilbur to scoff and whisper out the word ‘nerd.’

They made their way to the back, where they spotted a secret staircase leading down. When the group made it down, they stood in front of an iron door. Tubbo took a step forward, knocked on the door twice, then waited a few seconds, and then hit once more. They heard a pair of heavy footsteps before a long eye hole opened up, and brown eyes met theirs.

“Password?” His voice was rough and deep.

“Secretum servare possum,” Tubbo refused to let his voice waver.

The pair of eyes nodded before the eye holes closed before the sounds of door mechanisms hit them, and the door opened to reveal a tall male with the build of a bear.

As they stepped in, they couldn’t help but silently gasp. The royals were used to wide, open, clean



spaces full of graceful and elegant blocks like quarts and prismarine lamps. The place they just stepped into was slightly cramped with only six blocks above them, though it seemed that the blocks were higher in the middle, going to about 12 blocks over the fighting pit that was just a one-block-high platform of coddle stone. The walls were a mix of cobblestone, andesite, crafting tables, and other low-quality blocks.

They looked around before Ranboo grabbed their attention.

“Look! I think I see Tommy!” Ranboo subtly pointed over to a person walking towards the ring.

“Oh my god, is he going to fight?!” Phil covered his mouth with his hands as he watched his *16-year-old* son enter the ring, eyes blowing wide at the sight of his majestic, fiery wings and malicious yet playful smirk.

He didn’t look like his little boy at that moment, and that scared Phil more than he could ever imagine.

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“Deo! Deo! Did you see that! I kicked his ass!” Tommy cheered, jumping at Deo and landing on his back, startling the older from his conversation with Wisp, yet he still laughed at his younger friend’s enthusiasm.

“Yes, yes, you did very well, Tommy,” Deo chuckled.

“I know! I’m the best!” Tommy laughed out, puffing his chest proudly. He was also very excited and loud after he won, but no one ever got tired of it. His friends loved seeing him like that, all happy and a ball of sunshine. He was their sun, and they were his pillars of support in the shadows.

Tommy got off of Deo’s back just to jump in front of Wisp, who also gave him compliments. Their group formed around him, almost protectively, when a voice caused the blonde teen to freeze.

“Tommy?”

Tommy had a face of silent horror as he slowly turned around to the faces of his friends and

family. He looked at his father, who had called out to him, who had a face full of emotions he couldn't name.

"Tommy?" This time, it was Tubbo's turn to call out to him, causing him to flinch a little at the sad tone his best friend used. He could see it in his eyes, the hurt of how Tommy was clinging to other people.

He looked around at the group and took a shaky breath before letting it out and looking back at them.

"I think...it's time we talked, yeah?"

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Tommy had brought them to a back room, exclusively for the top fighter, one Tommy had been occupying for the past three and a half years.

He sat down on the couch first, then watched as his family sat down around him. He looked at them, saw the confusion and worry and slight anger and protectiveness in their eyes, and let out a small sigh that gave way to a sad smile.

"Purpled told you, then?" None of them spoke, seemingly trying to come up with a refute, before Tommy held up his hand in a universal motion that meant stop, before speaking again, "it's alright, I'm not mad. You were bound to find out eventually."

They were all slightly put off with how he was acting too mature, so used to the obnoxious yet well-meaning ball of energy that surrounded them, though they would never say that, as they were all ready to accept any new part of Tommy.

"I guess I should start. I started coming here four years ago," they all let out a tiny gasp, "Deo showed me around, and from there, I became Phoenix."

"Like, *Phoenix* Phoenix? The top fighter?" Ranboo couldn't help but ask, causing Tommy to smirk lightly and chuckle.

“Yeah, that’s me. I’ve been the top fighter now for three and a half years. After I met Deo, I met the rest of our crew. We call ourselves ‘Business Bay,’ cool, right? Anyway, then I met Wisp, then Luke, then Bitz, then Boffy. We’re the top 5, with Luke being number 6 as he’s more of a better than a fighter really, but he still fights,” Tommy explained with a soft, fond look on his face.

No one knew what to say next. They all just sat in awkward silence for a few moments before Quackity spoke up.

“Tommy, I’m happy you got good friends but did you have to do it in a fighting ring,” he joked, causing everyone to laugh and the tension to break.

“I’ll never regret meeting them the way we did. They’re some of my closest friends. They’re like a second family to me. Not that you’re not, but you guys are my original family, the ones who I know will always have my back, but it’s nice to have two groups of people who love you,” Tommy looked at Tubbo. They both smiled at each other as Tommy grabbed his friend’s hand, squeezing affectionately.

Tommy gave him one last smile before looking at his father and two brothers.

“I’m sorry I never told you until now. I just didn’t know how to,” Tommy let go of Tubbo’s hand as the three came closer to him, pulling him up and into a group hug.

“It’s alright, mate. I think I understand. But you’re explaining this to your mom, ‘cuz I’m sure not,” Phil joked, causing Tommy to laugh wetly and snifle.

*“Yeah, ok.”*

## End Notes

I have like 3 wips but then I had a single idea and this popped out

Wrote this instead of doing homework pog

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